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HAZELL
1843-1919



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WALTER HAZELL

1843—1919



W. Howard Kippell

Walter Hazell.

Photographed by

WALTER HAZELL

1843—1919

BY HIS SON
RALPH C. HAZELL

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TO
MY MOTHER

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

	PAGE
HOME LIFE	9

CHAPTER II

SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS	15
---	----

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL WORK AND PUBLIC LIFE	21
---------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

THE EMPLOYER	33
------------------------	----

CHAPTER V

FROM WAR TO PEACE.	47
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ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE REV. H. EDMONDS	56
--	----

“ O Strong Soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Rugby Chapel.*

CHAPTER I

HOME LIFE

MY father was born in 1843, on New Year's Day, at 24 Gloucester Street, Clerkenwell. His family were formerly farmers at the Mead Farm, at Wantage, in Berkshire, and the family records can be traced there for some two hundred years. My grandfather, Jonathan Hazell, married in 1838, and my father was one of four sons, three of whom died in infancy, leaving their brother to be brought up as an only child—a circumstance which he regretted all his life.

My grandfather carried on a small though successful business as a manufacturing goldsmith, and until my father was about ten years old the family lived over the office and workshop in Gloucester Street. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who was himself the son of a retail jeweller in the City, relates in his autobiography how, as a lad, he frequently visited Clerkenwell manufacturers with pieces of jewellery for repair. When my father met him again many years later in the House of Commons, he reminded Sir Edward of his visits to my grandfather's office, and was able to describe minutely his appearance as a boy.

Walter Hazell

My father was reared in a strictly Evangelical Nonconformist atmosphere. Those of his contemporaries who are still living will remember how rigid were the standards of conduct frequently adopted by religious people at that time. The theatre, playing cards, dancing, and Sunday relaxations of almost any kind were all severely tabooed, and life consisted very largely of serious work, serious reading, and the observance of Sunday as a day devoted to continuous religious exercises rather than to rest and recreation. My grandfather, who worked hard until he was able to retire comfortably in his old age, divided his energies between his business and the chapel he attended. His grandchildren have affectionate recollections of him as a kindly, white-bearded old gentleman, always bright and cheery, in spite of his deafness. My grandmother, who died when my father was eighteen, was devoted to her only son, and encouraged him to read and to think for himself.

He must have been rather a quaint, old-fashioned little boy. According to family tradition, his chief pet as a child was a tame chicken, which was carried under his arm, or followed him about in his walks through the somewhat dreary streets and squares of Clerkenwell. His mother, who was a rather nervous, delicate woman, never encouraged him to play games, and he used to tell how, when he first went to school as a day-boy, arrayed in an overcoat and comforter, his little face crowned by a top-hat with an elastic to keep

Home Life

it in place, his arrival added considerably to the gaiety of his school-fellows, if not to his own.

When my father was about ten years old, the family moved from Clerkenwell to a more comfortable home in Stroud Green, and in 1861, the year his mother died, they moved farther out to Hornsey Lane. It is difficult for us to realise how neighbourhoods which to-day are crowded suburbs were then countrified, residential districts. There were no gas and no street-lighting in Hornsey in 1861. Residents used to carry lanterns on dark nights, and Park Chapel Congregational Church, where the family attended, was lit with candles. These candles were calculated to last through an evening service of reasonable length ; but if the preacher's eloquence exceeded ordinary limits, my grandfather, who was one of the chapel deacons, had to extinguish the guttering lights before the service concluded, leaving the preacher in the growing gloom to take the obvious hint.

Early in life Mr. Hazell began to take an active part in the religious and social work at Park Chapel, during the successive ministries of the Rev. John Corbin, the Rev. J. P. Gledstone, and Dr. Alfred Rowland. His friendship and association with Dr. Rowland lasted all his life, and in 1913, at the age of seventy, he visited the West Indies and the Panama Canal with him.

As a young man my father worked for a mission conducted by members of the Church among the poor in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Road, and

Walter Hazell

he made his first attempts at public speaking at the meetings of the Young Men's Society. Later on he became one of the chapel deacons, and was appointed as the representative of the Church at the meetings of the Congregational Union. Mr. Hazell often said that he received his first definite inspiration and encouragement to take up public work through his association with Park Chapel.

Brought up a Nonconformist, he was always attached to and identified in various ways with Nonconformity ; but to him religion meant before all else the service of God through the service of his fellow-men, and he cared little for distinctions of denomination or for precise definitions of creed. In later life, when residing in Russell Square, he attended St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, and for several years, at the wish of his friend the Rev. A. B. Boyd Carpenter, acted as Rector's churchwarden. But to the end he kept in touch in various ways with the Free Churches, and at his death he was an active member of the Council of Whitefield's Central Mission in Tottenham Court Road.

Mr. Hazell left school early, and almost as a matter of course he entered his father's business as quite a young lad. His first personal account-book, still preserved, suggests how soon he developed the business-like habits and the grasp of figures which were so characteristic of him in later years. Entries of "Wages, 4/-" occur weekly. Every item of his modest personal expenditure is recorded in minute detail, both in the cash account

Home Life

and on a separate page as a ledger entry; and when his aunt gave him sixpence to put into the collection on Sunday, the money is duly entered on the same date both as a receipt and as a payment. To those of us who in later years admired his skill in analysing a complicated balance-sheet, this little account-book suggests the old copy-book maxim, "Practice makes perfect."

He worked industriously in his father's business for some years, but he never liked the work. He always hated jewellery, and longed to devote his energies to making something which, to him, seemed more worthy of the labour involved. During the whole of his life he was a great reader, and the production of books appealed to him more than any other kind of work. My grandfather showed more wisdom than fathers sometimes show when their sons dislike following in their footsteps, and when my father was twenty years old he was allowed to enter the small printing business then being carried on at 5 Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, by an old friend of the family, Mr. George Watson. The early struggles and the subsequent success of the business are described in a later chapter.

In 1866, when in his twenty-fourth year, my father married my mother, who was the daughter of James Tomlin. They had been friends almost from childhood, and a formal engagement was sanctioned on my father's twenty-first birthday. A son who owes as much to his parents as I do shrinks, perhaps naturally, from writing freely

Walter Hazell

about their relationship to each other ; but this, at least, one must say, that no husband ever had a more loving wife and companion, and no children ever had a more devoted or a more unselfish mother. Two daughters and three sons were born in the first nine years, and to the family circle have since been added a son-in-law, three daughters-in-law, and seven grandchildren.

Although my father often said he would have preferred a permanent home for life, circumstances obliged him to change it several times. As the family grew he moved twice at Crouch End, and in 1881 he went to Bromley in Kent. In 1888 he removed to London, in order to take up more public work, and lived first at No. 15 and later at No. 9 Russell Square. After all his children save one were married, he rented a flat in Bedford Avenue, Bloomsbury, living until his death partly there and partly at his farm, Walton Grange, Aylesbury.

CHAPTER II

SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

“HELP us, O Lord, so to live that we may leave the world a little better than we found it.” My father used these words almost daily at family morning prayers, and I doubt if any other sentence could express better his constant aim in life. The one object ever in mind in anything he undertook was to do useful service to his fellow-men. Personal credit or reputation did not appeal to him. Had he cared to do so, he could easily have made himself much better known as a public man, but he preferred to work on steadily and quietly.

He loved honest, useful work, and in any estimate of his character this should be mentioned first. But his work would not have been so effectual unless it had been tinged with a characteristic which was peculiarly his own. In an appreciation published since his death, an old friend describes him as “a man with a vision.” On any new subject to which he turned his attention he brought to bear a freshness of imagination and an enthusiasm for new undertakings which were a constant source of admiration to those who worked with him. His mind never

Walter Hazell

grew old, even to the last. He was always ready to take up any fresh idea, or to undertake any kind of experiment in social reform. Whenever any scheme came before him, he would at once put his finger on the good points in it, and set his mind to work on improving any part which was capable of betterment. In this way he was a pioneer in many directions. He preserved very little correspondence or other records of his work, but his newspaper-cutting books and the brief notes in his pocket diary remind us who knew him well of the restless activity and originality of his mind and of his keenness and zest for every side of life except the merely flippant and frivolous. He was deeply interested, at a time long before they had succeeded, in many movements and undertakings which have since become famous. He took a lively concern in promoting such matters as emigration, daylight saving, country holidays for City children, the commercial uses of electricity, hostels and settlements, garden suburbs and cities, the abatement of smoke and consequently of London fogs, motoring, Esperanto, the opening of the Royal Academy in August, the Gothenburg system of control of the drink traffic, the suppression of bribery and secret commissions, and a hundred other schemes for making the world a better and a fairer place for mankind to dwell in. It was physically impossible for him to take an active part in every scheme in which he was interested, but he had great powers of organisation, and was often able to help others to

Some Personal Characteristics

start work on right lines. He spared neither pains nor money if he felt his help would be useful.

With all his enthusiasm as a pioneer, he always retained his sound judgment and common sense, and he never embarked on any new scheme without thinking out his plans beforehand and carefully estimating the chances of success; and consequently he seldom failed in anything he undertook. He was often consulted by friends, and sometimes by comparative strangers, for the sake of his advice.

He had a faculty for selecting from a mass of detail the essential facts and figures relating to any subject in hand, and these he committed to memory and could recall whenever he approached the subject again. He had a wide knowledge of men and affairs, of social and economic questions, and of modern history. His store of general information was acquired partly by steady reading. He seldom read novels, and he detested the lighter magazines and especially the evening papers, but he made it a rule to read serious books for an average of four hours weekly. His other source of information was his habit of talking to everybody he met and drawing them out about their work and other interests. He always preferred to do this rather than to talk about his own affairs, and no matter whether the conversation was with a chance acquaintance met on board ship, a friend at lunch at his club, or the hairdresser who cut his hair, he invariably succeeded in eliciting something interesting out of every talk.

Walter Hazell

He was a great stickler for accuracy, and in a friendly way would correct mistakes made by others in conversation, especially if figures or statistics were quoted incorrectly. At home he always had the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Hazell's Annual*, *Who's Who*, and similar reference-books within reach of his arm-chair. The Annual which bears his name was his especial favourite, as he originated it in 1886. He always inquired the population of any town he visited, and he had some difficulty in understanding the minds of that fairly numerous class of people who have very little appreciation of figures.

He was extraordinarily simple in his tastes and habits, and he hated anything which he considered to be needless extravagance or frivolous expenditure. He was indifferent and indeed very unobservant as to details of food, clothing, furniture, and similar matters. When he took his seat in the House of Commons in 1894, his family prevailed upon him to order a new suit of clothes in honour of the occasion. Great was the agitation and amusement of one of his sons to notice, just as he was entering the House for the first time, that the new suit had been forgotten, and that he was wearing an old one.

When at home in London, he allowed himself few relaxations as they are ordinarily understood, as after a long day's work any leisure was usually spent in reading, with an occasional game of chess. He never seemed to tire, but was always alert and cheerful. He was ever ready for a chat with

Some Personal Characteristics

visitors or with one or other of his children, entering into their lives and interests, and constantly inquiring about his grandchildren, to whom he was devoted.

When we were very little, my father seemed rather serious and unaccountably ignorant of juvenile games, though his children have vivid recollections of sitting on his knee each week to look through *The Graphic*—"telling *The Graphic*" was the family phrase with us. But as soon as we could talk and think about things we realised how ready he was to enter in the fullest possible way into our lives. Although in later years he would occasionally, to please his family, play a game of cards or visit the theatre, he never really cared for such things. On the other hand, no children ever had a father more ready to help with advice and sympathy, or more generous when anything really worth doing was mooted. Those nearest to him know how keen was his sense of humour, in spite of the apparent seriousness of his ordinary conversation. When in the mood, he told many a funny story, and he once said that it was pleasant to wake on a Wednesday morning and to remember, as he always did, that *Punch* would be on the breakfast table.

Any new phase of life at once arrested his attention. A few years ago I discovered in conversation that he had never heard of Charlie Chaplin. "You can't afford to ignore Charlie Chaplin," I said; "he must be the most famous man in the English-speaking world to-day." I

Walter Hazell

learned afterwards that he had visited a Chaplin film the same evening and had found it entirely depressing. On the other hand he was delighted with the film play "The Birth of a Nation" which gives such a vivid picture of the United States during the American Civil War.

When absent from his London home and his work, his two great pleasures were travelling and farming. He visited Australia once, America three times, and travelled extensively on the Continent and elsewhere. He always embarked on his travels with the keenest enjoyment, but with some definite purpose at the same time. He cared little for the ordinary pleasure resort, choosing places where there was something to see and something to learn, and he always returned from a journey refreshed and vigorous and bubbling over with new ideas. Farming was, however, his principal relaxation, and for the last eighteen years of his life he had a farm of about two hundred acres of rich pasture-land in the Vale of Aylesbury, where he kept a herd of milking cows, of which he was very proud.

CHAPTER III

SOCIAL WORK AND PUBLIC LIFE

MORE than forty years ago a little lad, who has since grown grey in the service of the Firm, attracted my father's attention in the Kirby Street Printing Works. He had been ill and obviously needed a change of air, but at that date there were no large societies such as exist to-day for sending young people into the country. The Rev. Edward Canney, the Vicar of St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, a lifelong friend of my father's, was consulted, and he was able to send the boy away for a holiday through a parish fund of his own. The outcome of this incident was the foundation of the Children's Fresh Air Mission, a society which in recent years has given a fortnight's change annually to some four thousand needy and ailing children from some of the poorest and most congested London parishes. Similar work is now undertaken by the Children's Country Holiday Fund and other societies, but the "C.F.A.M." still continues its quiet and useful work in the Holborn area.

Any movement which came to the rescue of the "lame dogs" of life and gave them a chance

Walter Hazell

to make good for themselves appealed particularly to my father. He joined the Committee of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley in 1890, and on the death of his old friend Mr. Dix Lewis he succeeded him as chairman. The orphan boys who are admitted to these homes not only receive a sound education and an introduction to a trade, but they are brought up in a homelike atmosphere, owing to the system of housing the lads, not in one huge building, but in a number of cottage homes grouped together amid charming grounds and playing-fields.

The problem of unemployment as it affects the efficient and industrious workman at times of trade depression is indeed a difficult one. But still more difficult, and apparently at first sight hopeless, is the problem of the "unemployable,"—the man who is a failure because he has never had his chance; the man who has had his chance and missed it; the man who is "C3" mentally as well as physically; the man who gives way to drink just occasionally; the man who was doing fairly well and then sacrificed everything through some petty theft or some apparently reckless piece of stupidity. Such men, wherever they start, gravitate ultimately to the London streets, the fourpenny doss-house, the casual ward, and the workhouse. Many of them are almost past reclamation, and any work among men of this class is full of discouragement; and for the same reason success, when it comes, is the more precious.

Mr. Hazell began early to study these problems

Social Work and Public Life

of unemployment, and the pamphlet *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, which attracted much attention when it was published, made a great impression on him. He saw at once that emigration to the British colonies, with their enormous demand for comparatively unskilled labour, offered at least a partial solution of the difficulty. He had visited the United States and Canada in 1880, and in 1886 he travelled through Australia and New Zealand with Mr. Howard Hodgkin, and made a careful inquiry into the prospects of successful emigration there. With the help of a few friends the Self-help Emigration Society was founded, and through it many thousands of men and women have been helped to start new and successful lives in distant corners of the Empire.

While many of the emigrants were of a class which required little assistance beyond help in obtaining their passage and a situation on arrival, it soon became evident that, in order to avoid failure with men of an inferior type, some kind of test and training in this country was required which would in itself constitute a sifting process and weed out men who were unsuitable for emigration. At that time farm-training colonies on a large scale, as they exist to-day, were unknown, though the idea had been foreshadowed in General Booth's *Darkest England and the Way Out*, which was published in 1890, and had been advocated by Canon Barnett and other social reformers. My father was quick to take up the scheme, and after consulting the Rev. F. B. Meyer and a few other

Walter Hazell

friends, he rented, in 1892, a farm in Essex and started it as a small experimental training colony. A little later he moved to a larger farm at Great Hundridge, near Chesham, and there for eight years, with the help of his bailiff, Franklin (a splendid fellow and quite a character in his way), he carried on a genuine piece of pioneer work. He received a maintenance payment of ten shillings weekly from the friends of a few of the men, but he personally bore the bulk of the cost, which was necessarily heavy. Careful records of each case were kept, and entries such as "Failure," "Dismissed," or "Ran away" occur fairly frequently. One man showed his gratitude by setting fire to the farm buildings. But when all the failures had been written down, there remained nearly 50 per cent. who emigrated and made a successful fresh start in the New World. When the farm was given up in 1900, the farm-colony movement was firmly established elsewhere on a larger scale by various public bodies.

My father's experience of this work was turned to good account again in connection with the Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905. He became a member of the Central (Unemployed) Body for London, and acted until his death as chairman of the Emigration Committee. This committee has successfully emigrated many thousands of persons to Canada and Australia. In connection with this work he made a special visit to Canada in 1907, accompanied by the Rev. J. C. Morris, in order to obtain information as to the welfare of emi-

Social Work and Public Life

grants sent to Canada by the Central Body, and to ascertain the prospects for the future. The visit stimulated the work of the committee and led to a considerable development of its activities. He also took an active and continuous interest in the farm-training colonies at Hollesley Bay, Lingfield, and elsewhere, and in 1912 he was appointed to give evidence on behalf of the Central Body before the Dominions Royal Commission on Imperial Emigration.

In this brief sketch one can do little more than mention some of my father's many activities. He was for many years associated with Miss C. Spicer, Miss Cheetham, and others in the management of the Canning Town Women's Settlement, and he took a great interest in the Bridge of Hope Mission, which was founded by Miss Steer, and which included a home for women at St.-George's-in-the-East and homes for children at Chingford. He was also a member of the Council of the People's Refreshment-House Association, one of the pioneer societies for the reform of the drink traffic.

He was frequently in touch with Canon Barnett of Toynbee Hall and St. Jude's, Whitechapel, for whom he had a great admiration and affection. Mrs. Barnett, in the recently published biography of her husband, has given us a vivid picture of the numerous movements in which she and her husband were so active. One of the most important of their undertakings with which my father was connected was the creation of the

Walter Hazell

Hampstead Garden Suburb, an enterprise in which Mrs. Barnett was the moving spirit. The land on which the garden suburb now stands was the property of the Eton College Trustees, and before the public company was formed to purchase the land Mrs. Barnett obtained the support of six men who, jointly with her, held the option to purchase the site until sufficient money was subscribed to complete the transaction. My father was one of these six men, and he actively supported Mrs. Barnett in her great task, which after many delays and discouragements was ultimately achieved with complete success.

The midday concerts for City workers, founded by Mr. Hazell in 1890 and still continued, were another original idea of his own. He had frequently commented on the large numbers of men and boys in the manufacturing districts of London who, after a brief midday meal, stand or wander more or less aimlessly about the streets for the remainder of the dinner hour. He accordingly started the dinner-hour concerts in the hall under the City Temple, on Holborn Viaduct. Programmes of first-class ballad music were provided by amateurs or by professional artistes, who either gave their services or received merely a nominal payment for expenses. My father personally organised these concerts for some years, and subsequently the work was carried on by other members of his family. The concerts, which were given on Tuesdays throughout the winter, were a great success. The idea was rapidly

Social Work and Public Life

adopted elsewhere, and now luncheon-hour concerts, services, and organ recitals are a regular feature of London life.

He took a great interest in the British Institute of Social Service, and acted as its Treasurer for several years. This institution, of which Mr. Percy Alden is Honorary Secretary, acts as an inquiry bureau for the assistance of Members of Parliament, social workers, employers of labour, and others interested in philanthropic work of any kind. The society systematically collects and classifies information on every branch of social work, and its reputation and usefulness are increasing steadily year by year.

When the Liberator Building Society failed, many thousands of thrifty people of small means were ruined. In 1892 the Liberator Relief Fund was established, and about £150,000 was subscribed for the relief of the sufferers. My father was an active member of the Executive Committee, and subsequently acted as trustee of the fund jointly with Mr. George Soundy Unwin. After careful consideration of the circumstances of each case, some thousands of persons were relieved by the grant of pensions, and Mr. Hazell continued to act as trustee until the year 1918, when the balance of the fund was handed over to the Public Trustee.

If he had not been so fully occupied in other ways, his taste for statistics and for carefully analysed facts would probably have led my father to take up some form of detailed investigation on

Walter Hazell

the lines of the work done by Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Seebohm Rowntree. As it was, he found time to write an occasional review article or pamphlet. In June 1914 he read a paper before the Royal Statistical Society, entitled "Suggestions for Recording the Life History and Family Connections of Every Individual," which led to some interesting correspondence with the Registrar-General. The system he advocated attracted a good deal of notice in the press, and incidentally gave *Punch* an opening for a rather amusing skit. In 1917, when the question of man power was of such vital importance, he published in *The Nineteenth Century and After* an article on "Waste of Man Power in the Church of England." Taking Rutlandshire as an illustration, he analysed the number and distribution of the clergy throughout that county, and demonstrated clearly the wastefulness and other undesirable features of the present state of affairs.

In 1894 my father was invited to stand at a by-election as one of two Liberal candidates for the borough of Leicester. Leicester, with its large proportion of industrial population, was generally considered to provide two safe progressive seats, and there was a sort of understanding that the borough should be represented by one Labour and one Liberal Member. Henry Broadhurst was the Labour representative. Starting work as a blacksmith and stonemason, he had entered Parliament in 1880, and had held an Under-secretaryship under a Liberal adminis-

Social Work and Public Life

tration for a short time in 1886. During the six years they were in Parliament together, my father found him a genial colleague and friend. When the time of the election approached, it was found that a three-cornered contest was inevitable. Had my father been a professional man or a successful merchant, probably no one on the Liberal side would have questioned his candidature; but the fact that he was a large employer of labour was to some a serious blot on his record, and ultimately Mr. Burgess entered the field as an Independent Labour Party candidate in addition to Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Rolleston, the Conservative candidate. Both these opponents concentrated their attack on my father's position, but he won the seat by a majority of 217.

He was an experienced and thoughtful speaker, and held his own well when heckled; but his logical mind always realised that there were two sides to most questions, and when speaking in his constituency on controversial subjects he would probably have been more effective as a party candidate if he had been able, as some men are, to press his own case home and ignore the strong points in his opponent's argument. A General Election followed in 1895, and with Mr. Burgess again opposing him as the I.L.P. candidate, Mr. Hazell retained his seat, but with his majority reduced to 99.

He was an industrious Member of Parliament, though he spoke but seldom, and his best work

Walter Hazell

was done in the comparative obscurity of the Parliamentary Committee Room. The rough and tumble of party politics was rather distasteful to him, but he valued greatly his seat in the House, because it brought him into close touch with influential workers in so many fields of social reform, thereby enabling him to increase his own usefulness, which was the only thing which mattered to him. During his membership he worked in support of many good causes, and he secured the passing of the Cleansing of Persons Act (1897). This useful little Act, which permits local authorities to provide cleansing and disinfection for those unfortunate people who are infested with vermin, started on its career in the House of Commons under the title of the Verminous Persons Bill, a name which gave an opening for some mild humour on the part of certain speakers. It was passed practically without amendment, with the exception that its somewhat outspoken title was altered to that by which it is now known. Another piece of legislation in which Mr. Hazell took an active interest was the Midwives Act, but this was not placed on the Statute Book until after he ceased to be a member of the House of Commons.

In the "Khaki" Election of 1900 Mr. Ramsay Macdonald stood as the I.L.P. candidate, and his opposition caused my father to lose his seat to the Conservative candidate, Mr. John Rolleston. Feeling that the fact that he was an employer had been the cause of the Liberal-Labour split,

Social Work and Public Life

my father withdrew from the position of Liberal candidate for the constituency, and although he was several times invited to stand elsewhere he never contested another seat.

After losing his seat Mr. Hazell resumed many of the numerous activities which had been interrupted by his work at Westminster. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Bucks, and frequently sat on the Bench at Aylesbury; he also became a member of the Holborn Borough Council, and took an active interest in municipal politics. The majority of the members of the council were distinctly Conservative in their views; but in spite of this and of my father's Liberal leanings the most cordial relations were established between his colleagues and himself, and in 1911-12 he was elected mayor of the borough. Perhaps the most characteristic piece of municipal work which he performed was the organising of a system of distribution of modified milk for the infant children of working mothers, and during his mayoralty he promoted a series of baby shows.

During the latter part of his life my father was greatly interested in two very successful institutions—the Bloomsbury House Club for Men and the Cartwright Gardens Club for Women, which between them provide residential accommodation for over two hundred men and women employed in professional and business work in London. The Men's Club was carried on at first on a small scale jointly with a personal friend, Mr. G. D.

Walter Hazell

Jennings. Subsequently my father took over the sole responsibility for the undertaking, which grew rapidly, and at the present time twenty private houses, converted into club premises, are in occupation. He was ably assisted in this work by the two wardens, Mr. J. H. Leal and Miss Thorpe, and he took a great personal interest not only in the success of the clubs, but also in the welfare of the members.

CHAPTER IV

THE EMPLOYER

It is probable that many of my father's friends who knew him outside his business life scarcely realised how large a share he took in the management of the Firm of which he was the directing head. When the foundations of the business were being laid, my father devoted the whole of his energies to what was for several years a severe uphill struggle, and during the whole of his fifty-six years' connection with the concern he was ever the predominant partner. Although in later years he was content to depute to his junior partners not only the greater part of the detailed management but a large share of the daily responsibilities, yet to the last he kept in touch with every important development of the business. At the directors' meetings, over which he always presided, he entered fully into every question which came up for consideration. While he never forced his views upon others, he would guide the discussion with skilful and quiet tact until a unanimous decision was reached. His retentive memory and his faculty for arranging essential facts in his mind in logical sequence enabled him to retain a

Walter Hazell

grasp of every important feature of the business, and his wide knowledge and shrewd judgment were of the greatest value, and remained undimmed to the very last.

In 1863, at the age of twenty, my father entered the small printing business of the late Mr. George Watson, Senior, which was originally founded by Mr. William Paul in 1839. At the time of Mr. Hazell's entry about fifty work-people were employed, and the business was carried on at 5 Kirby Street, E.C., an old-fashioned building which still forms a small part of the Firm's Hatton Garden Works. At that time practically the only important customer was Mr. T. B. Smithies, with his group of monthly magazines, *The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Family Friend*, *The Children's Friend*, and other similar periodicals, which were published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. Mr. Smithies, a man of the strictest and most severe religious views, was a familiar and most influential figure at Kirby Street. He regarded Charles Marshall, the foreman who waited on him with his proofs, as a sort of personal servant, and my father often spoke of Mr. Smithies' indignation when he discovered one day that Marshall had on the previous Sunday travelled a short distance in a public conveyance in order to hear a popular preacher. The matter was ultimately allowed to drop, but I fancy Marshall never repeated his daring and dangerous adventure. On another occasion, just as *The British Workman* was going to press, Mr. Smithies

The Employer

discovered to his horror that an illustration on the front page depicted a working man holding a pipe in his hand. The machine was stopped immediately, and an engraver had to remove the offending pipe from the picture before printing was allowed to proceed.

The state of labour in the printing trade in the sixties, compared with to-day's standards, was extremely bad, though perhaps not worse than in other industries. Owing to the nature of the work performed, some irregularity of employment and a considerable amount of overtime at times of pressure seem still to be inevitable. But in those days excessively long hours and the systematic working of heavy overtime were looked upon as the normal condition of things, and workmen often would not take a situation unless heavy overtime pay were guaranteed. The normal working day, without overtime, was from 8 a.m. till 8 p.m. On Saturday there was no half-holiday, but work usually ceased at 5 p.m., so that a week of about sixty-three hours was worked, against the forty-eight hour week now in force. Until about the year 1864, when a Factory Act restriction prohibited night work by lads under eighteen, even boys of fourteen worked as much overtime as the men did.

Some of the Firm's oldest employees and pensioners have vivid recollections of feats of endurance performed in their youth, and reminiscences of such old friends as Mr. G. Dunn (for many years the Firm's chief cashier), Mr. J. Houghton,

Walter Hazell

and Mr. E. Ryder seem to-day almost incredible. One of these three relates how, as a boy of fourteen, the first day he started work he was kept working all through the night, and the following afternoon his mother called, not unnaturally, to ask "where he had got to." Another states—and were his memory not so fresh and accurate it would seem hardly credible—that for many months, owing to the destruction by fire of some type "formes" and the need for replacing them, he and several others worked all night regularly every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in addition to working the ordinary working hours by day.

There was probably nothing abnormal in the working conditions at Kirby Street compared with other similar London printing works at that time, and it is hardly surprising to learn that, doubtless owing partly to the excessive hours worked, the moral tone in the printing trade generally left a good deal to be desired. Steady, abstemious men, like our old friends already mentioned by name, have survived, but few are left to talk about those old days, and many no longer living undoubtedly had their careers shortened by the lives they led. Heavy drinking was exceedingly common. An all-night worker would frequently, after his midnight meal, bring a quart of beer with him into the workshop; and Mr. Dunn, who acted at that time as night foreman, relates how, himself wakeful after drinking strong coffee, he patrolled the composing-room and frequently had to awaken somnolent and decidedly beery compositors by

The Employer

prodding them firmly in the ribs with a printer's "sidestick"!

Soon after my father entered the Firm he discovered that the business, in which my grandfather had invested a large part of his savings to buy a partnership for his son, was in a very precarious condition. He was faced with the possibility not only of failure himself, but of heavy loss for my grandfather, and he attacked the situation with characteristic courage and energy. He took the bulk of the responsibility and work on his own shoulders, as Mr. George Watson, Senior, who retired in 1867, was no longer capable of full activity. A hard struggle lasting several years ensued. The Firm was poorly equipped with machinery, capital, and business connections, and time after time a crisis was narrowly averted. There are some suggestive references in an old notebook of my father's to the struggles which occurred frequently to raise money for the weekly wages.

Gradually hard work and courage began to tell, the position eased somewhat, and my father was able to turn his attention to a project which had for some time been shaping itself in his mind. He felt convinced that many of the less urgent kinds of printing ought to be produced away from the crowded Fleet Street quarter of London. He considered that the conditions of living and of work in the country would be more favourable for the workers, and the reduced cost of rent, wages, and other expenses seemed to offer some prospect of

Walter Hazell

success. Although a few provincial printing offices were already in existence, it was a new idea for a firm with a purely London connection to attempt to move it into the country, and several business friends of experience who heard of my father's scheme warned him of the heavy risks he ran and prophesied certain failure. But my father and Mr. George Watson, Junior, the son of the senior partner, had the courage of their convictions, and they were determined to build up the business afresh on a better foundation. Accordingly in 1867 these two young men, while still retaining their connection with the Kirby Street business, started a small independent printing works in a disused silk-mill which they rented at California, Aylesbury. It was a day of small beginnings, and the start was made with two or three work-people, sent from London under the charge of the late Mr. Henry Jowett, with a single hand-press and a few pounds' worth of type. After many difficulties and mistakes the experiment proved a success, permanent buildings were erected on a better site, and to-day the Firm's Aylesbury works, of which Mr. R. J. Elliston is the resident manager, are by far the largest of their three factories.

Soon after the Aylesbury works were started, Mr. Ruskin heard of the Firm's experiment, and was greatly interested in it. For many years all his books were produced at Aylesbury. He would have preferred that the printing should have been done by hand instead of by power-driven machinery, which he hated; but this was

The Employer

impossible, owing to the size of the editions which were required. It was, however, some consolation to Mr. Ruskin, who visited the Aylesbury works frequently, to know that his books were produced amid beautiful country instead of in crowded cities.

In 1867. Mr. George Watson, Senior, retired in favour of his son, and the Aylesbury and Kirby Street businesses were united under the title of Watson & Hazell. Mr. Elliott Viney, who had entered the Firm as an articled pupil in 1869, became a partner in 1875, and the style of the Firm was then changed to Hazell, Watson & Viney. The three partners made their headquarters at Kirby Street, paying visits from time to time to Aylesbury. Mr. Watson attended to works management, Mr. Viney had charge of the books and office staff, and my father was responsible for the general management and saw all the customers personally, as the Firm then employed no travellers.

The three partners had diverse gifts, which doubtless contributed to the strength of the business. Mr. Watson was rather easy-going and good-natured, but he had a practical working knowledge of the trade and exceedingly sound and level judgment. Mr. Viney, a fine example of one who triumphed over his physical infirmities, was an entirely lovable man, with a cheery personality and a whimsical sense of humour which made him popular wherever he went and helped him and his firm through many a difficulty. My

Walter Hazell

father seems in early life to have impressed those who knew him but slightly as being serious and occasionally somewhat severe. The strict atmosphere of his parents' home and his early business struggles had doubtless left their mark on him. At times, too, in these early days he was obviously overworked and worried. An old employee relates that at that time his pale face and delicate appearance caused his workmen to shake their heads and say, "He'll never make old bones"; but those who worked in close touch with him soon learned to appreciate his worth and to respect and love the genuine and unselfish nature under the somewhat solemn exterior. In a few years business worries were overcome, and my father quickly developed that cheery kindness which endeared him to so many. Though he had had no practical training as a printer, he quickly grasped the details of the trade, and he developed very early those powers of organisation to which the success of the business is so largely due.

The business was somewhat affected by the general depression of trade in the late seventies, and in 1880 Mr. Watson left the firm to join that of Ford & Tilt at 52 Long Acre, W.C. He was absent for a short time only, as in 1884 he rejoined the Firm, bringing with him Messrs. Ford & Tilt's business, and the joint concern was made into a limited liability company as Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd. From that time onwards the record of the company has been one of prosperity and steady progress, and to-day the business

The Employer

employs a capital of some £450,000, and had a pre-war staff, distributed over five establishments, of nearly 1,500.

Although he was the eldest, my father was the last survivor of the three partners. Mr. Watson retired, owing to ill-health, in 1903, and died in 1907; and Mr. Viney had a serious illness in 1905, and passed away in the following year. The present directors are Mr. W. Howard Hazell (Chairman), Mr. J. Crowlesmith, Major H. B. Viney, and the present writer. Capt. O. V. Viney, Mr. Elliott Viney's younger son, is actively associated with the Directors in the general control of the business.

In any account of my father's connection with the printing trade, a reference to his relations with other master printers should not be omitted. He helped to promote the establishment of the Federation of Master Printers of the United Kingdom. He was its first President, and subsequently served the Federation in many other capacities. He was a great believer in friendly co-operation in every form, and up to the date of his last illness he was keenly interested in the growing activities and increasing influence of the Federation.

He was also in friendly touch with many of the labour leaders. At the time of his death a small committee, consisting only of himself and Mr. George Isaacs, the able and energetic Secretary of the Printers' Assistants Society, was engaged in an investigation as to methods of improving

Walter Hazell

the health of the workers in the printing trade. The Firm's relations with their work-people and also with the trade unions generally have been uniformly friendly. On one occasion only in fifty-six years did a serious difference arise temporarily. A general strike in the London printing trade occurred in 1911, and the Firm became involved in it, though the trouble came from without and not from within the works. Both sides regretted the strike while it lasted and rejoiced when it ended, and my father invariably shook hands with the pickets whenever he met them at the works entrance.

His workers frequently showed their affection and respect for him. On his fiftieth birthday, on his business jubilee, and on numerous other occasions, presentations were made to him, which were valuable not only in themselves, but even more for the good feeling of which they were the visible token. A summer-house erected in the garden at Walton Grange, Aylesbury, bears the following inscription :

“Presented to Walter Hazell, Esq., J.P., as a mark of affection and esteem from the staff in London and Aylesbury, upon having completed fifty years' association with the firm of Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., August MCMXIII.”

My father valued greatly this token of his employees' good-will, and he took his meals in the summer-house whenever the weather was suitable. During his last illness he and his family

The Employer

were deeply touched by the genuine sympathy which his employees evinced. Perhaps the most striking tribute was their attendance at his funeral. Christ Church, Woburn Square, and St. Mary's, Aylesbury, were filled on that day with a great concourse of people, every one of whom he had looked upon as a personal friend.

My father once said that no book had influenced him more in early life as an employer than a novel by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, called *The Silent Partner*. It is a story of life in a New England cotton-mill, and relates how a woman who inherits a partnership in a large mill comes to realise how hard and sordid is the lot of her mill-hands. Her conscience pricks her. She gives up her easy and luxurious life, and devotes herself to work among her employees. On re-reading the book to-day much of it strikes one as old-fashioned. Many of the apparently daring social experiments in which the silent partner indulged are the common practice to-day of most good employers, but at the time it was written the book no doubt exercised a pioneer influence, and it certainly did so in my father's case.

Throughout Mr. Hazell's long business career the mainspring of his activity was his desire to provide well-paid work under good conditions for his work-people and to do everything he possibly could for their benefit. If the Firm had a good year's trading, his first thought was not for his personal share of the profit, but as to how much could be set aside for the advancement of the

Walter Hazell

employees, and his partners always gladly followed his lead in this. In 1864, the year after my father entered the business, the hours were voluntarily reduced and rearranged by the Firm, so as to allow work to cease at 2 p.m. instead of at 5 p.m. on Saturdays. This was the first of numerous subsequent steps which have all led in the same direction. A small room was opened in the early days at Kirby Street where men could eat their midday meal without being obliged to enter a public-house, and this room was the first of several club-rooms and canteens at the Firm's various works.

This is not the place to attempt a detailed description of all the institutions connected with the Firm,¹ but a few of the main features for which my father was chiefly responsible may be briefly mentioned. He was a great believer in encouraging thrift and in the value of steady saving by regular weekly instalments. A Firm's Savings Bank, which is amply secured by debentures held by trustees, was established, and the deposits of employees to-day amount to over £20,000. There is also a Thrift Fund, through which the Firm lends money on favourable terms to employees, to enable them to buy their houses and to repay the loan by regular instalments. A Provident Fund and a Pension Fund have also been established, the capital having been provided

¹ Those who wish for fuller particulars should consult "*Hazell's, being Some Account of the Provident and Social Institutions connected with Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.*" (1913).

The Employer

chiefly by grants made annually by the Firm. The total capital of these two funds to-day amounts to about £25,000.

Probably the most popular thrift scheme, the details of which were thought out by my father personally, has been the facilities offered to the employees from time to time to buy shares in the Company on favourable terms. On various occasions blocks of shares were offered to the employees by my father and by the late Mrs. George Watson in memory of her husband. They were sold at a price considerably below the market value, and it was arranged that £10 shares could be purchased by instalments of one shilling and upwards weekly. These schemes have been most successful, and altogether some £17,500 worth of shares are now held in this way. This scheme may not constitute profit-sharing in the ordinary sense of the term, but it has undoubtedly given a large number of the work-people an added interest in the prosperity of the Firm of which they have become part proprietors.

Another matter to which my father gave much thought was the care of those who fall ill. This is systematically dealt with by Sick Funds managed by the employees themselves, and behind the Sick Funds stands the Provident Fund, already mentioned, which steps in when Sick Fund benefits are exhausted and makes special grants in cases of serious illness or calamity.

Owing to the homes of the London employees being scattered over so wide an area, it has never

Walter Hazell

been found possible to organise very much in the way of social recreations for them ; but in Aylesbury, where the work-people live close together, a good deal has been done in this direction. Here are a Men's and a Women's Institute and Club, clubs for athletics, brass and string bands, allotments, and various other agencies for recreation. In all of these things my father always took the liveliest interest. He spent much of his leisure time at Aylesbury, and was ever ready to visit those who were sick or to attend any of the employees' social gatherings. Some of his happiest hours were spent at Aylesbury strolling round the work-people's allotments and chatting with them, for he knew nearly all the older members of his staff personally.

“If all employers of labour were like Mr. Hazell, we should soon see an end of labour troubles.” This was the opinion expressed after my father's death by a Member of Parliament who had worked with him in many schemes for social reform. “He was a worker to the last,” wrote one of his old employees in a letter of sympathy to the family—“a man we as workers could look up to ; for he looked not only at the business side, but also at the human side of things.”

CHAPTER V

FROM WAR TO PEACE

My father and I visited Germany together in 1912 and again in July 1914. On both occasions we travelled as members of an invited party, and we were entertained officially and were able to exchange views freely with our German hosts. In 1912 one received a distinctly disquieting impression; the danger of war seemed imminent, and several of our German travelling companions did not disguise their fears regarding the situation. In the middle of July 1914, on the other hand, the position was apparently much improved. We visited the imposing Printing Trades Exhibition at Leipsic, and at several mixed gatherings of Englishmen and Germans speakers of both nationalities spoke hopefully of the recent marked improvement in the relations between the two countries, and my father in one or two short speeches which he made was quick to press the point home. It was not until we landed in England, barely a fortnight before the outbreak of war, that we learned from the English newspapers how desperately grave was the state of Europe.

Walter Hazell

My father probably felt the outbreak of war more keenly than most men of his years. All his life he had worked strenuously to promote international arbitration as a substitute for war, and for many years he acted as Treasurer and latterly as Chairman of the Peace Society. He loved justice and fair-play and hated violence and bloodshed with all his heart and mind and soul. His logical instincts rebelled against the settling of international questions by force of arms, and a peaceful and reasonable settlement of disputes by arbitration appealed strongly to his nature. At the same time, although he hoped and worked for what to-day we call a League of Nations, he realised clearly that England with her world-power and world-wide responsibilities dared not stand defenceless while surrounded by the armed camps of Europe. He held that, in order to repel gross injustice or wanton attack, it might be not only justifiable but a solemn duty for the nation to fight for her honour, and this being so he believed that so long as the risk of war existed a reasonable amount of preparedness for war was desirable.

When war came, for a day or two he hesitated gravely as to whether England ought to intervene; but when Germany violated her sacred treaty obligations and invaded defenceless Belgium he hesitated no longer. Having made up his mind, he was ready to do anything and everything he could to support his country in the struggle. "What more can each one of us do?" was a question constantly on his lips. But he felt it

From War to Peace

all terribly. For him war had no glamour of adventure or romance. The descriptive war-book made no appeal to him. I doubt whether even Wordsworth's beautiful poem "The Happy Warrior," if he had read it during the war, could have comforted him. Throughout the whole time the prosecution of the war was to him a ghastly and terrible duty, and yet a duty to be faithfully performed, for the sake of the cause which he knew to be just. To the end he sickened at the thought of all the welter of bloodshed, and the tragedy of war was ever uppermost in his mind.

His first thought was naturally about his own work-people; those who were serving in Territorial camps and the many young men who enlisted in Kitchener's Army were each notified as to the allowance allotted to them by the Firm for the duration of the war—a phrase of which few at the time realised the terrible significance. As each successive extension of recruiting took place, he encouraged his employees to respond to the call, which they did magnificently, though he would allow no unfair influence to be brought to bear upon them. Out of nearly five hundred men who enlisted, less than half a dozen were forced to join under the Military Service Acts. Throughout the war he was constantly thinking of the lads who were serving, and in various ways everything possible was done to keep in touch with them.

With the deepest regret he resigned his offices in the Peace Society, though the parting, caused by honest differences of opinion, was entirely

Walter Hazell

friendly. Shortly afterwards a popular journalist, on the look-out for a bright newspaper paragraph, recorded the fact that "the ex-chairman of the Peace Society is canvassing for recruits." Early in the war he gave a motor-ambulance to the Red Cross Society, and he helped many other war funds in various ways.

Perhaps the hardest work of all for him to undertake was the membership of the Guildhall Appeal Tribunal for the City of London. He hated the work, and yet, feeling it his duty to do it, he attended constantly, bringing to bear on the many difficult cases presented for hearing that combination of fair-mindedness, sound judgment, and patience which were so characteristic of him.

Few men realised earlier than he did the necessity for war economy in every direction. Long before the need had been generally recognised he advocated vigorously the most rigorous economy of every kind, so that the nation's resources in men, material, and money might all be concentrated upon winning the war. In a quiet way his influence in this matter was considerable, and he was successful in encouraging his employees to invest large sums in war loans.

During the whole war period, although his family were extremely concerned about his health, he spared himself not at all. Business problems demanded much anxious thought, especially as several of his junior partners were either absent on military service or devoting much time to outside war work at a period when the business

From War to Peace

needed more attention than ever. He constantly travelled to and fro between London and Aylesbury, often making the forty-mile journey very late in the evening. At Aylesbury, besides attending to business, he gave much time to food production. In addition to the farm he already had at Aylesbury, in 1917, at the request of the Bucks War Agricultural Committee he undertook, with the help of his bailiff, Mr. Walter Ashby, the cultivation of some two hundred additional acres which were not being properly farmed, and in the following summer he was rewarded by seeing a substantial increase in the crops produced on them.

In the autumn of 1918, when the end of the war seemed almost within sight, one of his partners suggested to him that a special Directors' meeting should be called to discuss post-war reconstruction plans as they affected the business. He took up the idea at once, and asked each of us to send to him in writing notes of suggested subjects for discussion.

A weekly Directors' meeting, held every Tuesday afternoon, had for many years been a regular feature in the conduct of the business. At the big table in my father's room week after week difficult problems were talked over, and with the help of his acute critical faculty and ripe judgment many a knotty point was solved. On Tuesday, October 15, 1918, although he made no reference to it, we knew that he was far from well. Towards the end of the meeting he handed to each of his partners a memorandum which he had dictated, embodying our suggestions in one

Walter Hazell

document, and adding many shrewd notes of his own. "It is too late to-day," he said, "to discuss so many important questions; let us meet specially next week to consider the matter." He stopped for a moment, and then added, "I don't feel well; I must lie down." He was taken home at once, and he never again returned to the works he loved so well.

During the next four months he passed through his first and last serious illness, and he made a gallant fight to the end. To the last his splendid mind struggled against and largely overcame the growing weakness of his frail body. It was soon evident that a critical operation was necessary, and on learning this he acquiesced at once and faced the situation calmly. It was arranged that he should enter a nursing home on November 11, and a few hours after the guns had announced the signing of the Armistice he passed through the streets in a motor-ambulance. Though very ill, he was greatly cheered by the news, and, propped up in the car, he was able to see the decorations as he drove along. Before he left home he had dictated to his secretary the following characteristic letter to his soldier employees, which was printed in the Firm's house journal a few days later:

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Year after year, through times of terrible anxiety and sorrow, I have written as encouraging words as I could to our friends who were fighting for the country.

From War to Peace

I am now, within an hour of the news that an Armistice has been signed, able to write from a sick-bed, from which I hope completely to recover shortly, to say how thankful we all are for the bravery and self-sacrifice of our men who have risked life and health and everything else in order to save the world from an intolerable tyranny. Words express but inadequately the debt we owe to those who laid down their lives in the cause of Liberty and Justice, a cause which has triumphed at last.

I hope and believe that as a nation we shall come through this ordeal stronger and more than ever determined to do our part in maintaining the peace of the world, and that we shall all do our share to obliterate the terrible scars of war.

The attitude of our people generally has been very fine. It makes me very hopeful that the future of our country will be even better than the past. Let us all do whatever we can, be it ever so little, to help rebuild on a better foundation the England we love so well. I hope, in spite of my age, that I may be spared a few years to take some active part in the task of reconstruction which now lies before us.

Amid all our rejoicing I think tenderly of those who have lost dear ones, so young, so brave, and so unselfish.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER HAZELL.

82 BEDFORD AVENUE,
BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

November 11, 1918.

Walter Hazell

The operation, performed a few days later, was in itself completely successful. All cause of trouble was removed, and for some time he made steady progress towards recovery. He had always loved sunshine and warmth, and he set his heart on escaping from the grey December skies of London to the sunshine of Bournemouth. This seemed at first quite possible, but about Christmas time serious signs of heart weakness set in, and we began gradually to realise that the end was near. Knowing his case was hopeless, his doctors let him do whatever he wished. He read, dictated letters, went for a few drives, and even occasionally for very short walks, but each day he grew gradually weaker and the heart attacks increased in severity.

We who loved him so dearly knew how much he had longed to bear some share in healing the scars which the war had inflicted on the world, and it was indeed a bitter sorrow to realise that this could not be. Our only comfort was that he had lived to know that the war was over, even though he could not take his part in the reconstruction to which he had looked forward for four and a half years.

And so he struggled on. He knew he was dangerously ill, but to the very last he tried to do whatever he could "to leave the world a little better than he found it." He still planned and thought for others. Only a few days before his death he dictated a long letter full of original suggestions for improved hospital management, and the night before he died he spoke of a scheme

From War to Peace

for extending profit-sharing among his employees. A legacy in his will has made it possible for this to be carried into effect.

Gradually physical weakness overcame his great mental activity, and on the morning of February 12, 1919, he was prostrated by a severe heart attack. He spoke once to her who was ever dearest of all to him, and a few minutes later his great soul passed peacefully and painlessly over to the other side.

*Address delivered by the REV. H. EDMONDS,
Vicar of St. Alban's, Rochdale, at Christ Church,
Woburn Square, W.C., at the Funeral Service on
February 15, 1919.*

As an old friend of Mr. Walter Hazell, I am permitted the privilege of speaking a few words to you who share with me to-day the mingled emotion which this service awakens.

We mourn the loss of one of God's best gifts, the gift of a good man. We are the poorer because his work amongst us is done. We grieve because we shall no more hear his voice or feel the grasp of his hand.

But not sorrow alone, not sorrow chiefly, should be in our hearts to-day. Rather with a deep and sober joy will we thank God that our friend remained with us so long with all his great capacity and desire for service.

He had passed the age when most men feel that their powers are waning; but you know how almost to the last he met the calls of duty with an energy and alertness which seemed to belong to a younger man. His wonderful memory retained its old tenacity, and with the garnered wisdom and the mellowed judgment of the years he looked out on life with ideals undimmed and hopes unabated.

I am afraid my knowledge is not adequate to a survey or even an enumeration of his manifold activities. For the moment I think of him apart from the main business of his life, apart from his work as an organiser, a director, a captain of industry—I think of him as the friend of children, one of the founders of the Children's Fresh Air Mission, the chairman of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley, or as the friend of the unfortunate and the failures in life, shown in such work as the farm he founded for the training and the giving a

Address at Funeral Service

new chance to men who had failed and seemed unemployable, and all the deep interest and personal trouble he took in promoting emigration.

Two things that have always struck me about his activities have been the varied character of them and the breadth of sympathy that they indicate. He was equally ready to promote the preaching of the Gospel or to organise dinner-hour concerts, to help in the establishment of East End settlements or to interest himself in residential clubs for men and women in the busy heart of London.

The source and secret of all these activities are not far to seek. With all his heart and soul and mind he loved God, and his neighbour as himself. He loved his fellow-men, and loved them in their entirety. Human life in its fullness, in all its rich variety, appealed to him, and he felt deeply that the privilege of the position which had been granted to him in the world was that he might be serviceable to others. Absolutely free from all self-seeking, his one ambition was to seize opportunities as they came to do what in him lay to leave the world better than he found it.

What shall I say about the qualities and characteristics which found expression in all this work? His large-hearted charity, his care for the great things of life, his indifference to the trivialities which often bulk so large in our controversies and our conventional life—these were the marks of his moral and spiritual distinction. And combined with these were faculties, half moral and half intellectual, which made him the helpful man he was. I am thinking of the openness of his mind, his real desire always to know the truth, his readiness to admit light from any quarter, his instinctive capacity to seize the essential facts of any problem, and the great sanity of his judgment, which made his counsel of so much value to those who sought it.

I have been speaking of our friend as we have known

Walter Hazell

him in the many services he rendered outside his business life ; but, after all, it is not outside but inside a man's daily work that his real character is shown and his best service done.

It would be presumptuous in me to speak of his capacity as a man of business, the directing head of a great industrial concern. Very many of you know much more about that than I can know. But I can speak from my own knowledge—for we often talked about it—of his deep interest in the social and individual welfare of all who were associated with him in the industry over which he presided.

I speak of "those associated with him"; for that, I think, is the sort of phrase he would have used. Men and women, boys and girls, serving in the Firm, were to him men and women, boys and girls: they were not "hands" or parts of an industrial machine, but human comrades, associated in a common service.

I recall a conversation we had last summer, when he told me how, having reached an age when many men would seek rest in retirement, he preferred to continue his active share in the business, so that he might maintain his personal touch with the work-people in whose lives he felt so deep an interest.

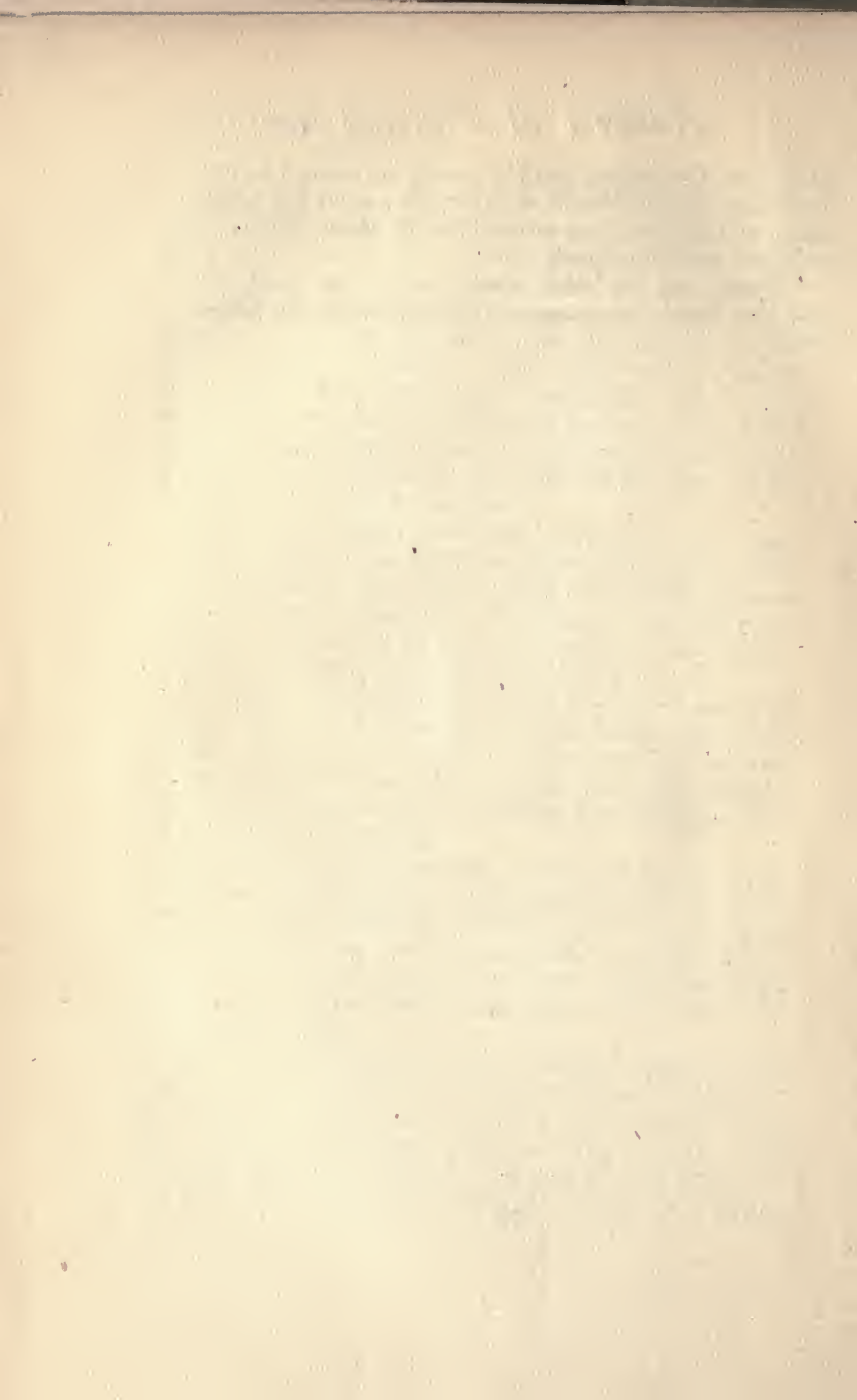
And if I may be permitted to refer to the last conversation I had with him, a fortnight ago, when he spoke with an evident realisation that his days of activity were coming to a close, he told me then, in feeling tones, how thankful he was that those who would inherit his position and opportunities were sharers in all his social and humane ideals.

Suffer me just one word more. I have spoken of our friend's life as we have known it in the past. May we try to look into the future as well? Can we help doing so? To-day we think of him as being at rest. We think of the Divine healing, solace, and refreshment for the spirit worn with these weeks of sickness. But when,

Address at Funeral Service

by and by, the healing and the resting are done, I cannot doubt that Walter Hazell, with ampler powers and larger scope, will still be doing service for the Master whom he loved and served on earth.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”



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